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New 1915 Model

C. J. Turner, Agent, Round Hill, Ky

17 New Features

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent to the victims, signed "Clutching Hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Janssen, newspaper man. Stripped at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his skill to foil this pretty girl and himself from death.

ELEVENTH EPISODE

THE HOUR OF THREE.

With the ominous foreboding of his Clutching Hand extended, the Master Criminal emphasized his instructions to his minions.

Perry Bennett, her lawyer, is in favor again with Elaine Dodge, he was saying. "She and Kennedy are on the outs even yet. But they may become reconciled. Then she'll have that fellow on our trail again. Before that happens we must get her—see?"

It was in the latest headquarters to which Craig had chased the criminal, in one of the toughest parts of New York's great river front section. "Now," went on the Clutching Hand, "I want you, Slim, to follow them. See what they do—where they go. It's her birthday. Something's bound to occur that will give you a lead. All you've got to do is to use your head. Get me?"

It was, as Clutching Hand had said, Elaine's birthday. She had received many callers and congratulations, innumerable costly and beautiful tokens of remembrance from her countless friends and admirers. In the conservatory of the Dodge house Elaine, Aunt Josephine and Susie Martin were sitting discussing not only the happy occasion, but more, the many strange events of the past few weeks. "Well, said a familiar voice behind them, 'what would a certain blonde young lady accept as a birthday present from her family lawyer?'"

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He ended by picking out one identical like the which Elaine had selected, and started to pay for it. "Better have it regulated," repeated the clerk.

"No," he objected hastily, shaking his head and paying the money quickly. "It's a present—and I want it tonight."

He took the watch and left the store hurriedly.

In the laboratory, Kennedy was working over an oblong oak box, perhaps eighteen inches in length and half as high. In the box I could see, besides other apparatus, two good sized spools of fine wire.

"What's all that?" I asked inquisitively.

"Another of the new instruments that scientific detectives use," he responded, scarcely looking up, "a little magnetic wizard, the telegraphone."

"Which is?" I prompted.

"Something we detectives might use to take down and 'can' telephone conversations and other such conversations. When it is attached properly to a telephone, it records everything that is said over the wire. The record is not made mechanically on a cylinder, but electro-magnetically on this wire."

Craig continued to tinker tantalizingly with the machine which had been invented by a Dane, Valdemar Poulsen.

He had scarcely finished testing the telegraphone when the laboratory door opened, and a clean-cut young man entered.

Kennedy, I knew, had found that the routine work of the Clutching Hand case was beyond his limited time and had retained this young man, Raymond Chase, to attend to that.

Just now what worried Craig was the situation with Elaine, and I fancied that he had given Chase some commission in connection with that.

"I've got it, Mr. Kennedy," greeted Chase with quiet modesty.

"Good," responded Craig heartily. "I knew you would."

"Got what?" I asked a moment later.

Kennedy nodded for Chase to answer.

"I've located the new residence of Flirty Florrie," he replied.

I saw what Kennedy was after at once. Flirty Florrie and Dan the Dude had caused the quarrel between himself and Elaine. Dan the Dude was dead. But Flirty Florrie might be forced to explain that.

"That's fine," he added, exultingly. "Now I'll clear that thing up."

He took a hasty step to the telephone, put his hand on the receiver and was about to take it off the hook.

Then he paused, and I saw his face working.

Finally his pride, for Kennedy's was a highly sensitive nature, got the better of him.

"No," he said, half to himself, "not yet."

Elaine had returned home.

Alone, her thoughts naturally went back to what had happened recently to interrupt a friendship which had been the sweetest in her life.

"There must be some mistake," she murmured pensively to herself, thinking of the photograph Flirty had given her. "Oh, why did I send him away? Why didn't I believe him?"

Mechanically she put out her hand to the telephone.

She was about to take off the receiver when something seemed to stay her hand. She wanted him to come to her.

All three turned in surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Bennett," cried Elaine.

"How you startled us!"

Elaine hesitated. She was thinking not so much of his words as of Kennedy. To them all, however, it seemed that she was unable to make up her mind what, in the wealth of her luxury, what she would like.

Susie Martin had been wondering whether, now that Bennett was here, she was not to drop, as she looked, at her wrist watch mechanically. As she did so, an idea occurred to her.

"Why not one of these?" she cried impulsively, indicating the watch. "Father has some beauties at the shop."

"Oh, good," exclaimed Elaine, "how sweet!"

"Then let's all go to the shop," said Bennett. "Miss Martin will personally conduct the tour, and we shall have our pick of the finest stock."

It was too gay a party to notice a sinister figure following them in a cab. Chatting with animation, the three moved over to the watch counter, while the crook, with a determination not to risk missing anything, entered the shop door, too.

"Mr. Thomas," asked Susie as her father's clerk bowed to them, "please show Miss Dodge the wrist watches father was telling about."

Unobserved, the crook walked over near enough to hear what was going on.

At last, with much banter and yet care, Elaine selected one that was indeed a beauty and was about to snap it on her dainty wrist when the clerk interrupted.

"I beg your pardon," he suggested, "but I'd advise you to leave it to be regulated, if you please."

Reluctantly Elaine handed it over to the clerk.

A moment later they went out and entered the car again.

As they did so, Slim, who had been looking over various things in the next case as if undecided, came up to the watch counter.

"I'm making a present," he remarked confidentially to the clerk. "How about those bracelet watches?"

The clerk pulled out some of the cheaper ones.

"No," he said thoughtfully, pointing out a tray in the showcase, "something like those."

He ended by picking out one identical like the which Elaine had selected, and started to pay for it. "Better have it regulated," repeated the clerk.

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Craig Kennedy Seized Elaine's Arm, Broke the Beautiful Bracelet and Ripped the Watch Off Her Wrist.

As the minute hand touched three, from the back of the case, as if from the chasing itself, a little needle, perhaps a quarter of an inch, jumped out. It seemed to come from what looked like merely a small insect in the decoration.

"You see what will happen at the hour of three?" he asked.

No one said a word, as he held up a vial which he had drawn from his pocket. On it they could read the label, "Rictus."

"One of the most powerful poisons in the world," he exclaimed. "Enough to kill a regiment!"

They fairly gasped and looked at it with horror, exchanging glances.

Opening the vial carefully, he dipped in a thin piece of glass and placed a tiny drop in a receptacle back of the needle and on the needle itself.

"I've set my invention to go off at three o'clock," he concluded. "Tomorrow forenoon, it will have to be delivered early—and I don't believe we shall be troubled any longer by Miss Elaine Dodge," he added, venomously.

Calmly he wrapped up the apparently innocent engine of destruction and handed it to Slim.

"See that she gets it in time," he said merely.

"I will, sir," answered Slim, taking it gingerly.

Flirty Florrie had returned that afternoon, late, from some expedition on which she had been sent.

Ranking in her heart yet was the death of her lover, Dan the Dude.

Thus, when she arrived home, she went to the telephone to report and called a number, 4494 Greenwich.

"Hello, chief," she repeated. "This is Flirty. Have you done anything yet in the little matter we talked about?"

"Say—be careful of names—over the wire," came a growl.

"You know—what I mean."

"Yes. The trick will be pulled off at three o'clock."

"Good!" she exclaimed. "Good-by and thank you."

With his well-known caution Clutching Hand did not even betray names over the telephone if he could help it.

Flirty hung up the receiver with satisfaction. The manes of the departed Dan might soon rest in peace!

The next day, early in the forenoon, a young man with a small package carefully done up came to the Dodge house.

"From Martin's, the jeweler's, for Miss Dodge," he said to Jennings at the door.

Elaine and Aunt Josephine were sitting in the library when Jennings announced him.

"Oh, it's my watch," cried Elaine.

"Show him in."

Elaine put the watch on her wrist and admired it.

"Is it all right?" asked Slim.

"Yes, yes," answered Elaine. "You may go."

Early the same morning Kennedy went around again to the apartment house and, cautious not to be seen by Flirty, recovered the telegraphone. Together we carried it to the laboratory.

There he set up a little instrument that looked like a wedge sitting up on its side, in the face of which was a dial. Through it he began to run the wire from the spools, and, taking an earpiece, put another on his head over his ears.

He turned a switch and we listened eagerly.

First came several calls from people with bills, and she put them off most adroitly.

Then we heard a call that caused Kennedy to look at me quickly, stop the machine and start at that point over again.

"That's what I wanted," he said, as we listened in:

"Give me 4494 Greenwich."

"Hello."

"Hello, chief. This is Flirty. Have you done anything yet in the little matter we talked about?"

"Say—be careful of names—over the wire."

"You know—what I mean."

"Yes, the trick will be pulled off at three o'clock."

"Good! Good-by, and thank you!"

When Craig and I left the police he had given me most minute instructions which I was now following out to the letter.

"I want you to hide there," he said, indicating a barrel back of the house next to the hangout. "When you see a wire come down from the headquarters, take it and carry it to the old house. Attach it to the bell; then wait. When it rings, raid the Clutching Hand joint."

I waited what seemed to be an interminable time back of the barrel. Finally, however, I saw a coil of fine wire drop rapidly to the ground from a window somewhere above. I made a dash for it, as though I were trying to rush the trenches, seized my prize and, without looking back to see where it came from, beat a hasty retreat.

Around the lot I skirted, until I reached the place where the police were waiting. Quickly we fastened the wire to the bell.

We waited.

Not a sound from the bell.

Up in the room in the joint the hunched-up figure stood by the table. He had taken his hat off and placed it carefully on the table and was now waiting.

Suddenly a noise at the door startled him. He listened. Then he backed away from the door and drew a revolver.

As the door slowly opened there entered another figure, but over his eyes, covered up, a hunk of plaster over his face, the exact counterpart of the first!

For a moment each glared at the other.

"Hands up!" shouted the first figure, hoarsely, moving the gun and closing the door with his foot.

The newcomer slowly raised his crooked hand over his head, as the blue steel revolver gaped menacingly.

With a quick movement of the other hand the first sinister figure removed the hunk of plaster from his face and straightened up.

It was Kennedy!

"Come over to the center of the room," ordered Kennedy.

Clutching Hand obeyed, eyeing his captor closely.

"Now lay your weapons on the table."

He tossed down a revolver.

The two still faced each other.

"Take off that handkerchief!"

It was a tense moment. Slowly Clutching Hand started to obey. Then he stopped. Kennedy was just about to thunder, "Go on," when the criminal calmly remarked, "